

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DEAD

Elks Hold Lodge of Sorrows at the Salt Lake Theater

EXERCISES BEAUTIFUL
AND MOST IMPRESSIVE

Eloquent and Touching Address
by the Rev. P. A.
Simpkin

That beautiful and impressive custom practiced by the Elks, the dedication of the first Sunday in December to the carrying out of a programme of sacred exercises to the memory of the brothers who have departed from this sphere of activity during the past year, was observed at the Salt Lake theater Sunday night. An audience which almost filled

der. The stage was arranged partial as a lodge, draped with the purple, t colors of the order, relieved with white with Elks' heads prominently displayed in the scene, and a full-sized Elk

The orchestra opened with the "March Pontificale" (in memoriam) by Gounod, followed by the

ceremonies by the lodge. The ritualistic address, an impressive epic, was delivered by Exalted Ruler James W. C.

J. Kennedy, B. B. Heywood, J. D. Wood, J. H. Mease, W. A. Johnson. Ceremonial responses by the officers of the lodge followed, then all the members of the order throughout the auditorium arose and on the request of the exalted ruler gave the sign of grief and joined in the singing of the opening ode. Invocation was then offered by the chaplain, R. P. Christensen.

The programme proper was then entered upon by the orchestra rendering Schuman's "Farewell Song." The Imperial quartette, composed of Messrs. Ashworth, Graham, Christopherson and Squires, sang with much effect "The Night of Rest," by Parks.

Fred Graham gave a splendid rendition of "A Prayer," The "Evening Song," by the orchestra, was a well-rendered piece of music and Dudley Buck's "Rock of Ages," contributed by the quartette, Mrs. Peter Miss Osborne, Mr. Graham and Miss Sequires, was a notable number.

Memorial Address.
Rev. P. A. Simpkin delivered the annual memorial address. The reverent gentleman's tribute was broad and comprehensive in its scope, deep and touc

Again we come down to the yew-lined road of memory, where every step is criss-crossed with the twirling beauty of unfaded flowers, and as we march to the harmony majestic, holding the echoes of yesterday's dear songs that will not wholly die, we pass by the long line of the quiet smile-kissed faces of the loved at last to stand within the temple of some sorrow.

the children of men. Its high dome has
echoed to the higher heaven the hear-
cries of all those who have laid the
hand upon the red cord of life, from
the first man-sent to this day, when vast
multitudes kneel in sorrow's temple

spaces about the shrine where the leaping tongues of memory's first fire are lifted high. The organ tones of the human heart tremblingly respond to the fingers of pain that press the keys; marking not a discord of wild sorrow, for the angels of love and hope weave the notes of the pain-song into a subtle nocturne of faith and resignation.

Yesterday and memory—today and love—tomorrow and God. "Hear you not ye angels of God, standing around the holy, royal throne?"

heart-beating as around the body as you keep, for your loved and lost. The quiet ones smile again as they were wont to do in the sweet yesterdays when they walked beside you in the way? "Yesterday and memory." It is glorious to remember love. The love-remembrance

This beautiful custom of your fraternity is rooted in the finest sentiment of the human soul. Gathering to brood in the quietness of sorrow's temple upon the worth of those who were and are earth and heaven's children, a little stance on life's solemnity, heavily and briefly, no less than its high responsibility, we are here to find in a new apprehension of the world's sorrow a new

enthusiasm of pity which shall send you from this holy hour to service more beautiful for men because they and God need us.

All the trends of your brotherhood are marshaled in quiet array as we come to this service. In their hands they bear the unstained mantles of tender charity. In their voices a message that bids you

sweep aside all the petty memories that flutter over life's bruises and its deep scores. That is not only because the heart lives but because judgment runs not to us, neither to any other human life. We can no more change life's deformities of soul by the alchemy of love and tears than can the tender mother.

Continued on Page Two.

10